PALMER AND NOW BENEDICT

The Change at the Government Printing Office Means Much to Many.

TOUCHING IMPENDING CHANGES

The Appointment of Mr. Palmer and Then of Benedict-Numerous Candidates Hoped for Success Till the Last-The Importance of the Minor Places Politically.

The Public Printing Office is the one great department of the government service left to the mercy of the politicians. It is not governed by the civil service rules, and politically it can be looted at every change of the administration. It is this that has caused so much anxiety on all hands as to the President's selection for its head. For that reason too a change in its administration is eagerly watched throughout the whole country. There is hardly a town of any size in the country that does not contain at least one printer whose great ambition in life is to get is steady and the pay certain. As a rule printers are more successful vote-getters than the members of other trades, and hence they have a stronger "pull" on Congressmen. While there are a great many changes under a new administration still there are many who have held their places for years, and feel reasonably sure of a continuance of good luck no matter who is made Public Printer.

There are some places that are always changed on the incoming of a new administration, for the positions are confidential to the head of the bureau. Mr. Bendict is well known in the office. He made an exceptionally successful Public Printer, and introduced a number of reforms. His administration was several times attacked in Congress, and was once investigated, but he came off with flying colors, the attacks evidently having been inspired by those who had been disappointed in an number of reforms. His administration was several times attacked in Congress, and was once investigated, but he came off with flying colors, the attacks evidently having been in-spired by those who had been disappointed in getting just what they wanted politically. In former years there were a number of ugly getting just what they wanted pointeany. In former years there were a number of ugly scandals in connection with this bureau, some based on extravagance, some on want of ex-ceutive ability, and one at least on large peculations. But those evils have been cor-

eted of late years. Mr. Cleveland knew Mr. Benedict before he became President, and had formed a high opinion of his ability, and soon after his first inauguration offered him the piace of Public Printer. Mr. Benedict held the matter under advisement for some little time before he finally accepted the offer. He did not turn inally accepted the offer. He did not turn out quite as many Republicans as some of the Democratic members of Congress desired, and for a while he lost easte with them. When Gen. Harrison became President a number of applicants for the place at once began pressing their claims. Among them was Frank W. Palmer. He had a steady and influently friend at court in the correct of was Frank W. Palmer. He had a steady and influential friend at court in the person of Private Secretary Halford. Mr. Halford had been managing editor of the Chiengo Inter Ocean when Mr. Palmer had been connected with that paper. Moreover, Gen. Clarkson was his friend. It did not surprise anybody on the inside when Mr. Palmer's name was sent into the Senate. He has made a successful officer, and his ability is freely acknowledged by the Democratic members of Congress, and personally, perhaps, not one of them felt a desire to see him leave the office. But too many political ends were to be subserved; so they have grown rather impatient with the President at his long delay in selecting a successor.

lecting a successor.

It was breaking the rules which he had laid down at the beginning, not to appoint any ex-office holder. But the President has been anxious from the very first to have Mr. Benedict again take hold of the work. In Benedict again take hold of the work. In hopes that he might again be induced to again accept it, the appointment has been held up for nearly a year. During all this time the President has been under a very heavy pressure by the friends of the various candidates for the place. From the first Mr. Benedict's name has often been coupled with the place, but the President gave no outward sign, and all the applicants still kept alive their hope in ultimate success. Mr. Benedict was reluctant to accept the place owing to his business engagements, and it was only a short time are that he to his business engagements, and it was only a short time ago that he signified to the President that he could make his personal wishes subservient those of the President. The next morning was announced exclusively in The Times

to the Senate.

Naturally there is great anxiety among the Naturally there is great anxiety among the printers as to who will go and who remain. It is not definitely known, but it is believed that some of those who held important places under Mr. Benedict before will be reinstated. It is thought that Gilbert H. Benedict will be It is thought that Gilbert H, Benedict will be made chief clerk again. This is a position paying \$2,400 per year, and is a snug berth to fall into. The chief bookkeeper will most likely be retained, but it is probable that a new disbarsing clerk (at \$6.40 per day) will be selected, as also a superintendent of the building and a storekeeper. The first pays \$4.50 and the latter \$4 per day. There are a foreman of printing at \$2,100 and ten assistants at \$5.75 per day. There will be some changes among them, but who will go and who stay is a question yet to be solved. Over forty proofreaders are employed at 53 cents who stay is a question yet to be solved. Over forty proofeenders are employed at 53 cents an hour. It is expected that a number of changes will be made in this force. About half the compositors are paid by the hour and the others work on piece. It has not been usual to make many changes in this branch, but a number are always dropped to make room for friends of Congressmen.

The press room has a foreman, at ₹5.75, with a force of about thirty pressmen and a large number of feeders. A large majority of the feeders are appointed from the District and from Maryland and Virginia. The same is true of the folders in the bindery and the laborers, of whom there is a large force. The

laborers, of whom there is a large force. The bindery has a foreman at \$2,100, with two as-sistants. During Mr. Benedict's former ad-ministration a number of Republicans were retained, and there are in the office now many Democrats who were originally appointed b him. It is said that only about one-third of ne-third o him. It is said that only about one-third of the entire force was changed by Mr. Benedict before. Mr. Palmer has made, perhaps, more changes, but many of his appointees took the places of former Hepublicans. It is thought by those now holding places,

Mixed up::

ionable West End district, a man halfsat, half lay in a sort of glorifled deck chair, smoking. In the street below the roar of traffic was incessant, but there, thanks to an elevation of two stories an double windows, the roas became a distant subdued murmur, which accorded well with the shaded hanging lamps and rich curtains, and the general atmosphere of moneyed comfort.

beavy clouds of smoke which he puffed forth from an elaborately-carved meerschaum. seemed, to all appearance, between thirty and forty. He was clean-shaven, save for heavy dark mustache, which quite concealed

heavy dark mustache, which quite concealed his upper lip; his face was bronzed; his fingers were long and well shaped.

The pipe was almost dropping from his teeth, and his eyes were getting heavier and heavier, when the sharp ring of the electric bell, followed by an impetuous knock, startled him into wakefulness. Then came the sound of a woman's voice, and a moment later his man Johnson opened the door and announced "Mrs. Tregantle."

He started quickly to his feet as she swept into the room, amid the rustling of skirts and the odor of white lilac,

"Hida," he exclaimed in surprise, "this is indeed good of you." Then, as the door closed noiselessly behind the discreet Johnson, he drew her too him and kissed her pale face again and again, till a flush stole over her cheeks, and her eyes gleamed dangerously.

"Yes, it's Hilda!" she said, as at last he let

that Mr. Benedict will be compelled by the pressure on him to make many changes, and that speedily. But nothing has been heard from him on this matter. Mr. Palmer is ready to turn over the office as soon as Mr. Benedict appears upon the scene. Those in the office who served under Mr. Benedict before are glad to welcome him back; and Mr. Palmer will retire with the unanimous good wishes of all.

Paimer will retire with the unanimous good wishes of all.

The office of Public Printer was first established in 1861, and John D. Defrees, of Indians was the first to be appointed superintendent. He served until the time of Andrew Johnson, when he was removed. A law was then passed taking the appointment of Public Printer out of the hands of the President and vesting it in the Senate, when Mr. Defrees was again elected. After Gen. Grant became President, the law making the office an elective one, was repealed and ever since the appointment of Public Printer has remained with the President.

The Foundation of Working-Girls' Clubs

A group of members of the first New York

Working-Girls' Society were discussing their club life. Said one: "I have been trying for a week to describe our club, but have given up in despair, and told my friends they must come up and see for themselves." Another replied: "Yes, I know, for one cannot talk about this living, this life of ours-for it means more than words can express." An early member said: "I am so troubled, for we mean by a working-girls' club. It is not an institution, and yet there are many socalled working-girls' clubs that are institutions. I just wish that we could patent wha the Thirty-eighth Street Working-Girls Club means or is to us." "We never can do that," a fourth broke in, "but we can talk, expiain, and then must quietly bear what is so hard, namely, to hear clubs called working-girls" societies, when they are not what we mean by

that could come into a home, such as simple physical culture, dressmaking, millinery, and cooking classes; groups form for sewing, embroidery, training in care of invalids. Clever women come to give lectures or talks on health, travels,

vriting or accounts.

During the past ten years this club move During the past ten years this club movement for women and girls has been slowly growing, until its influence has permeated all over the country. Just what does it mean, and what is its power? When the women form clubs for morning or afternoon meetings, it is said that the organizations gives opportunity to married women to go to college, as the lectures, papers, and discussions bring broad education. When busy young woman workers form clubs it gives them opportunities to go again to school, but it does far more than that. Many gay, frivolous girls or self-centered women have gained in clubs a more serious way of looking at life, hundreds of stolid, indifferent girls have waked up into animation and new purpose, while as many

women can earn so much less than men, has presented four remedies: First, organization; second, training; third, further advance into higher and skilled professions; fourth, gen-eral advance in the scale of living. Thought-ful men and women who have studied the co-

As for the questions, How could we start a society? How much does it cost? It may be answered that there can be no general rule or cost. Conditions and circumstances differ. Evolution on friendship lines is the wisest method. That is growth from a group of friends, many of whom are wage carners. When this is not possible, then the same plans must be adopted for starting a working-girls' club on co-cperative lines as for any man's or neighborhood club. That is, let one or two conceive the idea and become strongly desirous to establish a society in a certain locality. These may be women of leisure, with time and brains to work out the idea. They consuit with a few others, especially with girls

and brains to work out the idea. They consuit with a few others, especially with girls busy in different lines of occupation.

As the proposed movement is to be a working-girls' society, these originators should be young, or, if the thought begins with older ladies, they should pass the idea on to the younger women. Working-girls cannot be forced into a club organized in their interests any more than other people can be driven into social club. They wish to know their proposed leaders, and therefore Iriendship must be at the root of the matter. Several small meetings should be held, having the homes of the proposed members of some room

and that's all about it, so it's no good crying over spilt milk. But I couldn't stand it any longer. Wherever I went I only seemed to see your face before; waking, sleeping, I couldn't think of anything but you; and and—oh, darling, you do really love me, don't

She flung her arms round his neck and rained her kisses on him passionately. He returned them with his own, and put his arms round her again, and told her that he loved her more than anybody or anything in

the world.

Then he pulled the long chair up to the fire, and drew her on to his knee. She laid her head against his shoulder, and his fingers played lovingly with her soft, fair hair, while the fitckering flames made varying ripples of light and shadow on her delicate skin.

For a live there was shores.

in a secular public as railying places. Com-mittees should be appointed on constitution, rooms and organization. Ways and means should be discussed. Furnishing and the first should be discussed. Furnishing and the first month's rent will cost from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars. This money will probably have to be obtained in quiet ways by the organizers, and either given to form the plant of the club or borrowed on easy terms, to be paid back by money raised by special effort of the club members, not by outsiders.

by special effort of the club members, not by outsiders.

When the committee on constitution and organization report the club can formally organize and elect officers. These latter are chosen from among the few women of leisure who have become interested in the society, and also from the busy workers, with due regard to the duties to be performed. If the council plan is adopted twelve should be elected, six of whom serve as president, vice president, secretary, assistant secretary, treasurer and assistant treasurer.

Avoid large meetings of any kind at first, and also do not try to hastily collect too many members by advertising the club or by trying to secure introduction to the factories through employers or superintendents. Take small rooms first. Realize that brains are needed even more than money.

Be content to grow slowly, but guard against the springing-up of cliques among members. For this reason it is well to have the early members represent different occupations. Women of leisure, teachers, saleswomen, clerks, stenographers, dressmakers, and mill or factory employes are all represented in the clubs, and if at the start there is a mingling of these, each will bring friends, and a sisterhood of women will be the result, all interested in mutual aims, but coming from different surroundings.—Grace H. Dodge, in New York Ledger.

Cleanliness as a Disinfectant. A noted physician and chemist declares that the various disinfectants that are commonly used are not nearly as efficacious in preventing disease as simple and absolute cleanliness. "Let every vessel for water and every sink be wiped off daily with a cloth wet clean water and the cloth afterward boiled," he says, "and it will prove an abso

"Many people," he continued, "ignorantly believe that if they dilute a chloride or some other disinfectant and pour a little daily down the pipes they destroy all germs of the dis-case. It really has no effect whatever, and the housemaid, with an old duster and wash-cloths, may scatter microbes in every direc-tion.

lute preventive and destruction of all mi

"There is so much to learn and unlearn nowadays!" exclaimed an anxious mother, "that my mind is like Penelope's web, which is unraveled as fast as it is created. I no sooner get one theory established than it is declared to be quite a wrong idea, and I have to substitute another, and it is a frightful responsibility to feel that the health of the household depends upon the eternal vigilance of the mother."

All About Licens

Some wag with plenty of time on his hands has conceived the idea of hunting through the works of the prominent English and American authors for the purpose of gathering all the adjectives with which they qualify the

the adjectives with which they qualify the word kiss.

The result of his labor is that kisses can be as follows: Cold, warm, Icy, burning, chilly, cool, loving, indifferent, balsamic, fragrant, blissful, passionate, aromatic, with tears bedewed, long, soft, hasty, intoxicating, dissembling, delicious, pious, tender, beguling, hearty, distracted, frantic, fresh as the morning, breathing fire, divine, satanic, glad, sad, superficial, quiet, loud, fond, criminal, heavenly, execrable, devouring, ominous, fervent, parching, nervous, soulless, stupefying, slight, careless, anxious, painful, sweet, refreshing, embarrassed, shy, mute, ravishing, holy, sacred, firm, trembling, electrifying, ecstatic, hurried, faithless, narcotic, feverish, immoderate, lascivious, licotic, feverish, immoderate, lascivious, li-bidinous, sisterly, brotherly, and paradisaical. The task seemed interminable, and he gave

Cannot Keep Account of Her Dogs. The Princess of Wales is a great lover of an imals, and has so many dogs at Sandringham that she cannot keep count of them. Every morning she goes to the kennels and the dogs are let loose to welcome her. They are always wild with delight to see her, and jump upon her so frantically as almost to knock her down. A special favorite with the Princess is Venus, the pet dog of the Duke of Clarence.

The first woman's face represented on a coin was that of Pulcheri, the Empress of the Eastern Empire.

Illinois has over one hundred women phar-The Buffalo (N. Y.) Historical Association

Mrs. Gladstone has just passed her eightyfirst birthday, and her vitality is as remark-able as that of her husband. The training school for domestics carried

tion of Boston has forty-four graduates this year. The various classes have contained

A bi-monthly paper called El Fatat (The Young Woman) is published at Alexandria, Egypt. A Syrian lady, Miss Hind Noufal, of Tripoli, is the editor and all the contributors Mrs. Jennie Atchley, of Becville, Bee county, Texas, has eight hundred colonies of

Mrs. Jennie Atchley, of Beeville, Bee county, Texas, has eight hundred colonies of bees de-voted entirely to queen bearing. She is the most extensive breeder of queen bees in the world. She is a woman of 38, and has eight children, with whose help she does all the work in the apiary. She has sold over four thousand queens this year and expects to sell five thousand. Some single queens are valued at \$100 cash.

Hints to Housekeeners

Coffee bolled longer than one minute is coffee

Warm dishes for the table by immersing them in hot water, not by standing them on a hot store. Mix stove-blacking with spirits of turpentin

It will take off the rust, polish easier, and stay glossy longer than when water is used. When you are hurried and a postage stamp will not stick, moisten it and rub it on the flap of an envelope, and then quickly put it in its

place.

To pollsh brass kettles that are very much tarnished, first rub with a solution of oxalic acid, then dry and pollsh with rotten stone or the finest enery.

A small teaspoonful of powdered borax added to a bowl of cold starch will give more stiffness to linen than any of the numerous things I have tried.

HIS DEAR SISTER LOUISE

Mrs. Lowell's Story About a Letter She Copied for Col. Breckinridge.

HE SAYS HE NEVER WROTE IT

Envelopes Addressed to Miss Pollard-The Typewriter's Memorandum Book-Judge Wilson Continues His Torturing Cross-Examination of the Kentucky Congressman

There was a variation of the order of testinony in the Pollard-Breckinridge trial vesterlay to permit the introduction of evidence hat Col. Breckinridge had carried on a typewriter correspondence with Madeline Pollard from the House of Representatives in 1886.

The demand from the plaintiff's lawyers to e permitted to follow this course brought a delicate question of law before the judge. It was conceded that decuments might be brought into a case and a witness questioned upon it in cross-examination from which to lay the basis for contradiction, but whether the existence of a missing document could be asserted and the defendant asked whetner he wrote it, was another question, a question which Judge Bradley decided in the affirmative after listening to arguments and consulting authorities. He held, however, that the witnesses could not be asked to give their recollection of the contents of the letters.

Accordingly Mrs. Louise Lowell, who conducted a business in typewriting and stenogducted a business in typewriting and stenography at the Capitol in the year of 1886, and had been discovered by the plaintiff last Sunday, stated that she had copied the mysterious letters upon a typewriter for the colonel and had also addressed for him a package of envelopes to "Miss Pollard, 76 North Upper street, Lexington, Kentucky," having made an entry of the address in a note book which she produced, but which did not entirely substantiate her statement because it seemed to have been used in 1887 and 1888.

Miss Pollard also appeared in a speaking part once more to testify that she had received the letters in question. During her brief appearance, the lawyers had their hands full endeavoring to make her confine herself to and

pearance, the lawyers had their hands that endeavoring to make her confine herself to answering the questions directed to her, for in
her untrammeled utterances when on the
stand before she scored some of the most teliing points for her side.

Thereafter the programme was a continuance of the fencing between the Congressman from Kentheky and the ex-Congressman

Thereafter the programme was a continuance of the fencing between the Congressman from Kentucky and the ex-Congressman from Kentucky and the ex-Congressman from Indiana. Both Col. Breckinridge and ex-Judge Wilson are lawyers of brilliant parts, and no exhibition of its kind approaching the thrust and parry of the two when pitted as examiner and witness has been heard for years. It was enjoyed by an audience worthy of its merits, for beside the usual varying corps of congressional attendants and lawyers, there was a well-known Methodist elergyman in the audience, and a retired judge of the District court luxuriated in a sent beside Judge Bradley.

Col. Breckinridge made iron-elad denials of the testimony of Mrs. Lowell, beside contradicting Miss Pollard at many points. Judge Wilson was disposed to drop into a vein of sarcasm at times, speaking of the defendant as "a fatherly looking and perfectly respectable gentleman like yourself." He laid the foundation for more testimony in rebuttal by obtaining a denial that a servant at the fashionable boarding-house where Miss Pollard had lived had ever seen her using in his presence that work basket formerly belonging to his dear wife, which the colonel swears he did not give the plaintiff. Everybody is guessing the nature of the new line of examination whitch Mr. Witson announced that he would take up this morning.

Judge Bradley does not seem to relish the testimony which Col. Breckinridge is giving. The judge occupies a chair near the witness box, but on a raised platform, behind a ponderous desk. Whenever Col. Breckinridge begins to talk the judge wheels his chair around so that the heavy uphoistered back is turned toward the witness box, and directs his gaze toward a far corner window,

back is turned toward the witness box, and

discovered until Sunday and asserted

sured the court that the evidence had not been discovered until Sunday and asserted that he proposed to put the witness on the stand at once, that Col. Breekinridge might not be taken by surprise and that he might have ample time to make explanation. The question was raised by Mr. Butterworth whether the discussion of the proposed testimony should be had before the jury.

The question, said Judge Bradley, seemed to be whether evidence tending to show that a paper had at one time existed should be offered at this time to lay a foundation to contradict the witness. Mr. Butterworth, in replying, said that while Mr. Wilson had spoken for himself in saying that the evidence had only been discovered Sunday it was not apparent that he had spoken for the other counsel and his client, whereupon Mr. Carlisle insisted upon adding his assurances to those of Judge Wilson, and considerable asperity was developed among the lawyers over the point.

Then Mr. Butterworth continued to the effect that the plaintiff was trying to prove its whole case in rebuttal, and Mr. Carlisle responded that since the defendant had denied having written to Miss Polland in 1886, anything to disprove that statement was legitimate rebuttal and the interpolation of evidence to prove the existence of letters written then, for a basis of cross-examination, was manifestyl legitimate.

Mr. Shelby replied that this was clearly

written then, for a basis of cross-examination, was manifestly legitimate.

Mr. Shelby replied that this was clearly testimony in chief and in no sense rebuttal. If the testimony were known to the plaintiff it was constructively and legally known to her counsel. It was a fundamental principle, he argued, that if a witness was to be examined upon the contents of a paper it was essential that the paper should first be placed in evidence, since it was the best evidence of its own contents.

its own contents.

Judge Bradley inquired whether, if the letter was in existence and Col. Breekinridge denied it, it could not be produced in rebuttal, and Mr. Shelby responded that even under those circumttances it could not since it

knows its bitterness as well.

From that moment she knew that there could

as often as you like. We—"
She interrupted him, the tiniest of frowns creasing her smooth forehead.

"You silly old boy, whatever are you bothering your old head about? Of course every one will know about—about it."

"Every one know, dear," he answered in bewilderment, "every one know? You must be dreaming. Your husband—"

"Will know to-morrow, of course."

He stared at her in blank astonishment for a moment, then almost harshly: "Are you mad? Do you know what you are saying? Your husband must not, shall not know."

Even still she did not understand. "Don't you see, dear," she said passionately, "what I have done? I am coming to you, not for an hour, not for a day, not for a week, but foreever; I can never go back to my—my husband again now. That is all over. I belong to you. Let us go away to some of those places you have talked to me about, where you have been—go away into a land of sunshine and flowers. We shall be so happy, dear, so happy. And then, when—when I am no longer his wife, when people have forgotten all the scandal, we will come back to Eng-

would be an attempt, under the guise of re-buttal, to prove the case in chief. More ar-gument was made by Mr. Wilson who held that the effect of evidence could not be eliminated because it came out in cross-

eliminated because it came out in cross-examination.

Half an hour had been consumed by this argument when Judge Bradley decided the point, saying that there could be no doubt about the admissibility of the letter itself if it was in existence, as basis of cross-examination. Although a novel case confronted the court, the authorities seemed to be that where a paper had been destroyed or lost proof of its previous existence could be interjected. It seemed to be proper since the cross-examining counsel said the paper was not in his possession and the witness denied knowledge of it, to interject proof of its existence as a basis of cross-examination.

Thereupon Mrs. Louise Lowell took a sest in the witness box, and said that she had known Col. Breckinridge since February, 1886, having become acquainted with him at the House of Representatives where she had an office to carry on business as a stenographer and typewriter, in the corridor by the door of the Committee on Post Offices.

"Did you do work for Col. Breckinridge?" Mr.

"Did you do work for Col. Breckinridge?" Mr.

"I did."
"I did."
"I'd he bring manuscript of a letter to you?
"He did, and I copied it in typewriter."
"How was that letter addressed?"
"How was that letter addressed?"

"How was that letter addressed?"

"I object," interrupted two or three of the Breckinidge attorneys, who protested that there was no proof of the letter having been mailed, but Judge Bradley said to sustain the objection would be to nullify the purpose of admitting the witness.

The manuscript and copy had been returned to the colonel, Mrs. Lowell continued. From 1885 to 1890 she had copied manuscript-addressed envelopes, and done Col. Breckin-ridge's private correspondence and congressional work, always returning the manuscript."Now what was on those enveloper?" continued

"Now what was on those envelopes?" contin r. Wilson. "Miss Pollard, 76 Upper street, Lexington, Ken-

"Miss Poliard, 76 Upper street, Lexington, Kentreky."

"And how do you remember that?"

"I kept a memorandum book in which I noted the address."

"Have, whe said, and the book was passed around for inspection of the lawyers.

"Feeling sure that sconer or later I would hear more of Miss Pollard and not wishing to trust to my memory I made that memorandum," she explained, and contuning said. "He (Breckinridge) brought me two or three envelopes separately, then a package of a dozen small ones yellowed with age and not such envelopes as a business man would use."

The question of the substance of those let-

man would use."

The question of the substance of those letters was objected to and the objection was sustained for the present. The first communication, said the witness, was addressed to "My Dear Sister Louise," and when Mr. Wilson urged that testimony of its contents should be admitted Mr. Butterworth returned that there was no proof that it had ever been mailed or received, reminding Mr. Wilson that it was the ground taken by him regarding the alleged forged letter of Miss Pollard's. "I now give you notice i, you have that letter "I now give you notice it you hass Foliard as,
"I now give you notice it, you have that letter
to produce it," said Mr. Wilson to the defense.
"How can I produce the letter if I sent it to the
plaintif?" Col. Breckinging inquired in reply,
whereupon Mr. Wilson remarked in his 'nimitable way, 'you and I will have a little conversation after awhile."

The witness, continuing, recollected that she had copied letters for Col. Breckinridge nearly every week, but she could only prove having done fifteen or sixteen. The judge having ruled out examination

The judge having ruled out examination concerning the contents of the letter, Mr. Butterworth made a brief cross-examination, asking Mrs. Lowell where she had worked, and for how long. She had kept a record of the work she did for Congressmen, with the amount received, in an account book. She had an independent recollection of the address of Miss Pollard since the matter had made a very deep impression on her mind.

"Are you acquainted with Miss Pollard?" was asked.

sked. "I never saw Miss Pollard until this morning." In her books she had merely entered the amounts of work done, the name of the party, and the amounts charged, so that no Congressmen need waste worry for fear that the ledger will rise up to get them in trouble.

Cel. Breekinridge did not bring manuscript to be copied at the time he gave Miss Pollard's address. She had never communicated to the plaintiff her knowledge of the case, had not volunteered information to the lawyers or any one else, and did not know how they assertained that she had written them; had often been questioned regarding the work she did at the Capitol, and had mentioned that she did such work for many

put their heads together beside the witness stand and handed the account books to the

back is turned toward the witness box, and directs his gaze toward a far corner window, reads legal documents, or closes his eyes. This same position was assumed by his honor soon after Col. Breckinridge stepped into the box this morning, after half an hour had been consumed in examining candidates for the regular April jury and excusing them until next Monday.

Mr. Butterworth at once opened the question of the admissability of the correspondence alleged to have been held with Madeline Pollard in 1886. Judge Wilson in reply assured the court that the evidence had not been discovered until Sunday and asserted

The witness having departed with her com-panion, Col. Breekinridge came to the stand and Mr. Wilson asked him if he had ever seen Mrs. Lowell.

ow her name."
"What kind of work?" "I asked what kin I."
"When I was in a hurry I dictated letters to

"Did you every carry her manuscript to copy?"
"I don't recollect."
"Will you say you did not?"

"No."

Any manuscript which she might have copied, the colonel said, had been thrown uside or destroyed, but he reiterated in flat terms his denial of the previous day of having delivered to her manuscript addressed to "My Dear Sister Louise," taking issue with the witness who had just left the stand.

Mr. Wilson asking whether that letter had not contained a reference to the disparity of age between writer and his dear sister, a sharm controversy between him and Mr. But-

age between writer and his dear sister, a sharp controversy between him and Mr. But-terworth was precipitated, the Quaker lawyer demanding that it must first be shown that such a letter had been mailed and received, Mr. Wilson retorting that the plaintiff had testified that she had received typewritten letters from Col. Breekinridge and destroyed

nem.
Turning from this point Mr. Wilson secure an admission that Col. Breekinridge had given Mrs. Lowell letters to copy, but the witness denied that he had given her Miss Pollard's address in 1886, although he might have done it in 1887, when he was sending her civil service papers.

"And speaking of civil service papers", re-marked Mr. Wilson, "did you write Miss Pollard in 1857, asking her to send you on a postal card an application for some civil service papers under the name of "Mary Smith?"

land, and you will be my own husband, dear my own darling husband."

She caught his hand and would have kissed land, and you will be my own husband, dear, my own darling husband."

She caught his hand and would have kissed it, but he snatched it away almost roughly.

"I am afraid you don't quite understand," he said, coldly. "What you suggest is impossible—impossible. I love you, dear, with all my heart, but it would be sheer madness to do as you say. There must be no seandal. You talk about people forgetting. Things like that are never forgotten. You do not know the world like I do. To do that would mean life-long misery to you, ruin to me. I know, darling, at first sight the idea is attractive; but it would be madness, sheer madness, even to think about it. And after all"—and his voice sank to a soft, persuasive murmur, assuming for the nonce all the sweetness of a woman's—"after all, sweet one, such madness is absolutely unnecessary. There is no need for us to rush off to a strange country because we love one another. There is no need for your husband to suspect anything. Just listen to my plan. I am sure when you come to think about it calmly, little one, you will agree with me that it much the best way.

"What is this plan, then," she asked list-lessly. "Tell it me."

A keener observer would have noticed the change of tone, have marked how all of the former animation had died out of the rounded face, but the man was so wrapped up in himself that it entirely escaped him. He launched out confidently into an elaborate explanation of how "the affair," as he lightly put it, could be managed, pointed out, as he had pointed out in many similar cases before, how they could keep their new relations from the eyes of the world, and—what was more important to him—from the eyes of her husband; in a word, ran through the whole gospel of scientific deception, and showed her how she could be at once the most loving of mistresses and the most virtuous of wives.

"Only do exactly as I say," he concluded, triumphantly, with the air of a man who has solved the whole problem of existence, "and your husband can never know, and—there wil

IMPORTANT SALE AT THE ECONOMY SHOE HOUSE

Owing to our rapid increasing trade we have been forced to make considerable extensions to our store. We must have room, and in order to do so we quote the following extremely low prices for our thoroughly reliable SHOES AND SLIP-PERS, Hen's, Ladies', Missee', Boys', Youths', and Children's.

DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE, as the prices quoted will surely run us out of sizes. So delay is dangerous. Prices as follows:

The best \$2 Men's Shoe in the city, The best \$1.50 Ladies' Shoe in the city. Our Famous \$2 Guaranteed Ladies' Shoes. The Famous \$1,25 Boy's School Shoes,
And we are Agents for the Colebrated Stacy, Adams & Co. Men's

Morgan, Violett & Co., 706 Seventh St. N. W.

"I did not; I did not."

"Did you have Mra Lowell address for you in typewriter envelopes to Miss Pollard?"

"I did not I mean to make my denial very broad, and to say that no such occurrence as related by the witness on the stand happened. I absolutely did not."

"Did you hand her to address a package of envelopes, somewhat yellowed by age, if you wish to make the denial specific?"

"I did not; I did not," repeated the colonel emphatically.

"I did not; I did not," repeated the colonel emphatically.

Mr. Callisle rose after the noon recess to make another statement regarding the letters called into question, and offered to place the plaintiff, Miss Pollard, on the stand to prove that they had been received by Miss Pollard and destroyed.

Mr. Butterworth inquired if this was meant as a carby discovered.

Mr. Butterworth inquired if this was meant as newly discovered evidence, to which Mr. Carlisle responded that it was not. If a general denial regarding the correspondence that had passed was made such an offer would not be in order, but since specific denials of certain letters had been made, it was in order to lay the foundation by an intervening witness for cross-examination regarding the contents. Mr. Butterworth contended that this offer was wholly improper since no specific mention of such letters had been made in the direct testimony for the plaintiff.

The judge permitted the testimony, an exception being noted, and Miss Pollard went around to the stand.

"Miss Pollard, did you receive correspondence

"Miss Pollard, did you receive correspondence from the defendant in 1880?" Mr. Carlisle asked. "I never separated from him," she began it her dramatic tones, when the defense interposed objections, and her counsel pinned her down to

a direct answor.
"Yes." was the answer.
"Without teiling the contents give us a general description of them," said Mr. Carliaia.
"They were written in typewriting."
"Anything more?"
"Col. Breckinridge used to call me"——

"Col. Breckinridge used to call me"—
Another chorus of objections; indeed every attempt of the plaintiff at generalization brought forth the same result. So, after considerable trouble with Miss Pollard and requests to her to be specific on the part of her lawyers, she said that before August, 1886, the letters had been received. Some were begun "My Dear Sister Louise," and one "My Little Spitfire," all addressed by a typewrier.

Little Spiffire," all addressed by a typewrier.

"What became of them?" was asked.

"They were all destroyed as soon as I had read
them, because he asked me"—

"One moment." Mr. Butterworth shouted, and
his colleagues chimed in in burying her voice
under their objectiona.

Then on cross-examination Miss Pollard
said that she had never received typewritten
letters from any one but Col, Breekinridge.

"Did you, on direct examination, say anything about letters beginning Sister Louise?" Mr. But-erworth asked.
"I was not asked, directly or indirectly, about

the beginning of letters."
"Can's you answer my question?"
"Answer the question," put in Mr. Carlisle.
"Idid not."
"How were the letters signed?" prompted Col.
Breckinridge.
"How were they signed?" repeated Mr. Butterworth, and the plaintiff said:
"Yes, Mr. Butterworth; I remember very well
how many of them were signed. They were in
leadpencil. That was the one thing he did write
on them."
Back to the stand came the colonel, and,
repiying to the first question, said:

"There having been no such manuscript writ-ten by me, of course, I said nothing about dis-parity in ages." parity in ages."

Denials equally emphatic were entered against the questions whether he had not often spoken of how badly he wanted to see his "Dear Sister Louise;" that he had cautioned her to destroy them on account of people who might look into bureau drawers; that he had told her to mail them by a certain train, so that he would receive them at the Capitol in the morning; that he had written her to mail him a postal card, signing it Mary Smith, and requesting him to send her a copy of a civil service report on the Agricultural Department report.

"Did you address her as little spitifre?" was

"Did you address her as little spitfire?" was "Did you andress her as little spinite," was another question.
"I did not."
"Did you tell her in that to stand up before the looking glass and soold herself for you?"
"Having written no such letter of course I did

met alies Poliard during the Porty-Inith Con-gress, but in the summer of 1887 resumed his relations with her, visiting the house of Sarah Guess half a dozen times. He had met her perhaps at other times, "but not in the sense you mean," the colone!

"but not in the sense you mean," the colonel assured his questioner.

"Of course I wish to make this as liftle offensive as possible." Mr. Wilson said. "You understand my question. I see, and I understand the sense in which your answer is intended."

The events after Miss Pollard's coming to Washington in the Fall of 1887 were retraced. The colonel told how he had met Miss Pollard near the Catholic institution where she was sheltered, and had taken her on a long drive; when they had met as a woman in her condition and a man supposing himself to be the author of her condition would meet, he expained; had discussed the arrangements for her condort and home affairs in general, Miss Pollard inquiring whether anyone in Lexington suspected her condition. Arrangements were then made for sending her money, which was always accompanied with a note, generally signed "Bge," a contraction of "Breckinridge," which he used in indorsing his papers.

of "Breckinridge," which he used in indorsing his papers.

Upon Mr. Wilson asking whether the letters were couched in such language that a stranger would have understood their subject matter, the colonel said that one receiving the letters with the money might have understood or suspected something, but they would not seeing the letters without the money.

"So a stranger ways would have dreamed."

"So a stranger never would have dreamed what they were about?" Mr. Wilson commented. "Oh, that is a very broad statement," returned the colonel, "of course I cannot be expected to say what a stranger might have dreamed."

These little exchanges of repartee sprinkled anilymend it considerably and the colonel was

These fittle exchanges or reparter springered enlivened it considerably and the colonel was perfectly cool throughout.

"Do you wish to be understood as saying that you supported her in whole or in part during the two years that she was at the academy of the

better than hers, she smiled, and, with all the old enthusiasm returned, declared that she would do exactly as he wished, and that he must not mind the stupid things that she had said, for that she was only a woman, and did and, for that she was only a woman, and do not pretend to be clever.

And he, flattered at the implied inference and at her acquiescence in his views, kissed her again passionately, and declared that she was the sweetest and most sensible woman in

the world.

was the sweetest and most sensions woman in the world.

The deep notes of the old-fashioned clock, on the bracket by the door, recalled each to a sense of their surroundings.

He, anxious to put his principles into practice at the earliest moment, remarked that it was getting late, and she must take care to get home before her husband.

She, as he anticipated, made no objection to the excellence of his advice as a general proposition, but pleaded for a little license, "just for once."

"You see," she explained, "I told Jim I should be late to-night, He thinks I have gone over to see Mrs. Tynnsdale—you know that auburn-haired woman, a friend of mine—she's been rather seedy lately, and I often go out after dinner and sit with her. Do let me stay a little while longer, just this once."

He demurred, pointed out it might be dangerous. She laughed merrily, showing her even white teeth. "You dear old cautious thing," she cried. "I'd like to eat you. I'll tell you what I can do. I know Jim won't be back for hours, and when he does come he won't be in a condition to know if I'm in or out. But just to satisfy you I'll send a note around to our place, saving Mrs. Tynnsdale is worse and I may not be back till late. I've often had to do that lately, for once or twice she's really been awfully bad. So even if Jim were in—which he isn't—he wouldn't be the least surprised. Do let me do that, won't you?"

She looked so bewitching in the rose-pink light that for once he had not the heart to

you?"
She looked so bewitching in the rose-pink light that for once he had not the heart to say no to her, and the note was written and despatched by the faithful Johnson.
"There now," she said, "you'll be able to have me for another hour and a half yet. Isn't that nice, sir?"

Holy Cross, on Massachusetts avenue?" was another question, to which the colonel responded. "I would not wish to be understood as saying anything about it if I could avoid it, but as a matter of fact my contributions to her were no lessened. They were irregular amounts, and understood they helped to pay her board at the academy."

understood they helped to pay her board at the academy.

"But did you not say that the gossip reported to you from Mrs. Fillette was because she had run into debt at the Holy Cross?"

The colonel had understood that this was the ense. Afterwards Miss Pollard had told him that a lady friend of hers had made successful investments through a friend in New York and the gentleman was willing to make similar, investments for her if he would endorse her notes, so he had endorsed ten notes. So he had endorsed ten notes. Incidentally the colonel hinted that he knew the name of the lady and gentleman in this transactions, but Mr. Wilson suggested that the names were not wanted. With these notes or the proceeds, Miss Pollard had paid her debts at Holy Cross and had shown him the receipts. the receipts.

Some of the notes for \$50 each were identi-

the receipts.

Some of the notes for \$50 each were identified by the witness and all were signed "Madeline Breckinridge Pollard."

The ten notes were replaced by five more for \$100 each, payable by the colonel. He had never received notice of what became of them; did not know whether they had been protested; was sure that he had never received notice that two of them went to protest.

"Now, to refresh your memory," began Mr. Wilson, this testimony having been elicited by a succession of questions, "do you not know that notice of the protest was sent to you both in Lexington and Washington?"

He did not, and the attorney asked him: "Do you know the particular object for which those hat notes were drawn?"

"Was it not to enable her to purchase her wedding tronsseau?"

"Nothing like that. There is not a scintilla of truth in it," was the colonel's impressive answer, and he wanted to tell about the deal, but Mr. Wilson choked him off with a reminder that his counsel would examine him later.

His relations with Miss Pollard had been resumed in 1889; he had met her at three places, one on H street, one on Fourth street, and again wish a certain woman the plaintiff was willing to trust, who had moved several times.

"The plaintiff was solicitors that our relations."

"The plaintiff was solicitous that our relations should not be known, to which I cordially as-sented," he explained. "Then you and the plaintiff were equally so-

"Then you and the plaintiff were equally solicitous to conceal your relations?"

"Well. I thought at times she rather preferred
to have them known.
"But in spite of this you continued your relations with her?"

"I did. Sometimes the plaintiff would come
to the gallery of the House, would send her card
to me and I would meet her in the library or corridor. If I may say so without levity, those things
seemed to arrange themselves. There was no
periodicity, if I may use the word, about them."

"But you could not meet her at the convent of
the Holy Cross; that was not suitable for such
enterprises?"

nterprises?"
"Yes, sir," meaning that he could not arrange "Did you ever have a room in the northwest

"Did spacever have a room in the northwest section?"

"We did try that experiment, but of all the unsatisfactory experiments that was the worst I ever tried. We had not been there more than three or four times before the plaintiff said that it seemed that every window within three blocks had eyes when we went in there, and I was sure that people were standing on every door step in sight every time I went I am rather a peculiar looking man, so people remember me. So we gave that up." [Laughter, and a great flurry of stern orders from the balliffs followed this passage.] While Miss Pollard was stopping at Gen. Ricketts' their relations had continued.

"Did they continue while she was still stopping at No. 25 Lafayette square, a house kept by a mest excellent old lady with a high class of poople? Mr. Wilson asked.

"I can indorse all you say of Mrs. Meiners," said the coined, complacently, "for I have located there myself. A most excellent lady; a mest pleasant house." He stroked his hair, thrust his hands into his pockets and leaned against the judge's desk as he gave this recommendation.

"Now, you have criticized Miss Pollard for telling these people a falsehood in saying she had been to dinner at your house to explain her absence with you." said Mr. Wilson. "Would you

"Now, you have criticized Miss rollard for ing these people a falsehood in saying she been to dinner at your house to explain her sence with you," said Mr. Wilson, "Would have wanted her to tell what she was really ing at those times."

"Having written no such letter of course 1 did not."

"Did you frequently protest your affection for her in those Sister Louise letters?"

"As there were no such letters of course I did not."

The colonel could not remember having met Miss Pollard during the Forty-ninth Conmet Miss Pollard during the Forty-ninth Conmet Miss Pollard during the Forty-ninth Conmet Miss Pollard as though it was the truth, thus putting the lady in a false position.

"You are a fatherly-looking man," continued the set of the pollard as though it was the truth, thus putting the lady in a false position.

thus putting the lady in a false position.

"You are a fatherly-looking man," continued Mr. Wilson, "and she a young gir!; both of you from kentucky. Can you conceive of a better excuse for her to give for her absence than that she had been to dinner with a respectable elderly gentleman like yourself?"

"Nor can I conceive of a keener one to be used afterward for a suit like this," was the reply.

He had frequently met the plaintiff in the house of Mrs. Thomas on H street, but had never seen her sewing in his life.

"Did not you meet her once there when she

never seen her sewing in his life.

"Did not you meet her once there when she was using this basket that had belonged to your wife?" Mr. Wilson inquired.

"Never, never under heaven!" answered the colonel, striking the witness box.

"Did not a servant come in while you were with her and she was using that basket?"

"No servant ever did, for I never knew for a moment until it was brought in here that abe had that basket."

He had taken Miss Pollard to lunch at Solari's, at the Shoreham, and at the Losekam, all well-known restaurants, but had never taken her to call on triends at the Ebbitt bouse, although Miss Pollard might have said so as a blind.

During the Spring they had gone to assignation houses to avoid seenes, "which would have occurred at any other place under heaven."

have occurred at any other place under heaven."

"Unpleasant would hardly be a word to characterize these scenes." he said. Had met Miss Pollard in New York in September, 1892, but not "improperly," and met her "improperly" there in February, 1892.

"Where did you go then?" Mr. Wilson inquired, "I can't tell the place. I simply hired a coupe, she got in, and I told the driver to take us to a safe place. He took us close to the elevated road up toward Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets. It was a large building that looked like a hotol. Here Mr. Wilson suggested that as it was near the hour for adjournment and as he desired to take up an entirely different line of examination, it was hardly worth while to proceed further, and the court adjourned.

All her gloom had passed away; she was evidently in the highest spirits and as light-hearted and mischievous as a child. "Get me up a bottle of champagne," che cried, "and let us drink each other's healths."

"Get me up a bottle of champagne," she cried, "and let us drink each other's healths," He caught cagerly at the suggestion and went out of the room, returning a momanilater with the wine and a couple of glasses.

"Another glass, please," as he cut the wire, and the cork popped out.

He stared at her, surprised, "Another glass, darling! Why, we have two already?" "Yes! yes!" impetuously, "but I want another; don't you hear."

To humor her he produced a third glass, still wondering what she meant.

The three glasses were filled, and he was about to raise his to his lips, when the sharp ring of the electric bell, followed by a resounding knock, made his hand shake so that he nearly dropped it.

Before he had time to speak she had darted into the hall, toward the door, "Hilda," he cried impetuously, "come back, you don't know who it may be!"

She stood with her back to the door, grasping the handle; her white face was lit up with a wild, passionate joy.

"You coward!" she laughed scornfully. "So you thought I was one of those women who can come into your life and go out just as your idea of loving a woman. God! what a fool you must be! I told you we should want another glass. Can't you guess who it is for? To whom should a wife apply in her hour of need if not to her husband?"

"Your husband!" he stammered, "here!" He fiung himself upon her, trying to graspher hand. But she was too quick for him, and as the door swung open she added: "Yes, my husband. It's a pity you have such an

her hand. But she was too quick for him, and as the door swing open she added: "Yes, my husband. It's a pity you have such an objection to being mixed up in a scandal, because I'm afraid, you know, this will be the biggest of the season."—Pick-Me-Up.

In Discriminating Boston. Shady—The rascal called me a liar! Bright-And so he has got onto it? And a

stranger, too? Curious, isn't it?—Boston Tran-

:: In a Scandal In a luxuriously furnished flat in a fash-

The man in the chair, as seen between the

a place in the public office here. The work people misunderstand and do not grasp what

rom the contained the following ideas were coilled:

A club is co-operation in its truest sense, a self-governing and self-sustaining body. It cannot be forced, but must grow naturally from within. It represents "We," "Us;" no "Is" or "Yous." It is a home lite created by many combining together to secure an evening gathering place. In the club, members with brains and ability are recognized, their influence felt, and they are elected to office and appointed to serve on committees. Such officers or committee members may be busy during the day at home, machine, school, office, sewing, behind a counter, or they may be those who have received their wages in advance, through the work of others, and are called women of leisure. True club members vance through the work of others, and are called women of leisure. True club members are unselfish and forgetful of personal inter-ests in the welfare of the whole. The club is a place where the social element is developed, where educational advantages are introduced

give lectures or talks on health, travels, books. A woman physician is engaged weekly to advise with the members. Every one has a place and a work. The jolly young girl is needed to bring out the fun and life; the older one with a weight of care is needed to advise and restrain. The member who knows how to play or sing gives her musical powers. The one who has traveled tells of her experiences, while the public-school teacher cares for books, instructs in letter writing or accounts.

animation and new purpose, while as many more morbid, reserved girls have been won by friendship and bright companionship into new life.

But the clubs are doing still more. Mr.
Wadlin, chief of the Massachusetts bureau of that the appointment had been determined statistics of labor, speaking of the fact that upon and a few days later his name was sent women can earn so much less than men, has

ful men and women who have studied the cooperative, self-governing, self-reliant clubs,
feel that in all the above directions they have
a great influence. A training is given in parliamentary law; an individual reliance is developed; a realization that one must work for
results and not obtain them easily; an ambition to grasp opportunities aroused, resulting
in education and mental growth; a training
in how to introduce household and social innovations which make homes brighter and
happier.

the filekering flames made varying ripples of light and shadow on her delicate skin.

For a time there was silence. Now that she had taken the irrevocable step a great calm lay upon her, and indeed her heart was too full for words. Yet not for one moment did she repent for what she had done. She had weighed all that this step meant carefully before coming to her decision; she had considered her conduct in every possible aspect, had hesitated long before she placed her happiness, her very existence, in this man's keeping; had tried so far as she could to look at it from the other man, her husband's point of view, and from the world's. But her mind once made up, the chances once weighed, she had not besitated a moment. Her husband! She shuddered at the thought of him, of the misery he had caused her during the three years she had been married; of his cruel words, that bit deep into her soul, huring her far more than mere physical savagery.

What right, she had asked herself had he

into the room, amid the rustling of skirts and the odor of white lilac.

"Hilda," he exclaimed in surprise, "this is indeed good of you." Then, as the door closed noiselessly behind the discreet Johnson, he drew her too him and kissed her pale face again and again, till a flush stole over her cheeks, and her eyes gleamed dangerously.

"Yes, it's Hilda!" she said, as at last he let her go, and she turned to the mirror to arrange her disordered hair. "I know it's very wrong of me to come—oh, yes it is"—as he tried to enter a protest—"but it's done now,

thing to her, and she—she had been to himthing to her, and sne—sale had been to him— what? Simply another woman to be played with as long as the novelty of the new toy lasted, and then to be cast aside; different what? Simply another woman to be played with as long as the novelty of the new toy lasted, and then to be east aside, different from the rest only inasmuch in a moment of good intentions, such as sometimes comes even to men like him, he had given her his name besides his passion, and forged a lasting instead of a temporary link between them.

Lasting? The word brought her thoughts back to the present. After all, would it be lasting? She knew it would not be so now. Her husband's creed, she remembered, permitted everything to the man, while for the woman even one slip was the end of all things. In a few short months she would no longer bear his name, the law would free him from her. She felt glad for that; it would indeed be a mereiful release, and he—he would then be free to make her his wife. Thank heaven for that! There was still some happiness in store for her.

She stole a glance at her companion in the freiight, and her face grew smiling again, After all, it was good to live. She remembered the day he first came into her existence. He was an acquaintance of her husband, and one night, coming to call for him, he had surprised her with the tears staining her face and a fresh wound in her heart.

Her husband, after sneering at her through dinner, had gone off to his club, forgetting that he had promised his friend to talk over some matter of business with him that evening, and he, the other, coming in to inquire if any message had left for him, had seen that she was evidently in distress, and with infinite tact, treating her like the child that at that time she really was, had talked to her for an hour or more, telling her quaint stories of the pinces he had seen, for he had traveled widely, and the people he knew, who ware all the people worth knowing.

Thenceforward their friendship progressed apsec, till out of friendship grew a stronger feeling. She saw clearly that he had more than a mere liking for her, and realized with a pang that she, for her part, loved this tall, bronzed traveler, not with the girl

knows its bitterness as well.

From that moment she knew that there could be only one end to this attachment. There were no ties to keep her to her husband, her love for him had died, and she had no child to forge a fresh link between them. He—the other—was not, possibly, any worse than his fellows; on the other hand, he was no better, and so they had gradually drifted on, till tonight a worse than usual outbreak of temper on the part of her husband had driven her—nerved her, if you will—to this.

"Tell me again," she said at last, finding her voice, "that you love me, dear."

"Love you, my darling," he said softly, "love you? Don't you know that I do? Haven't you trusted yourself to me, sweet? Listen, darling. You have been thinking these last few minutes, have you not?"

She nodded, smiling.

"Well, I have been thinking, too. And I think that I've hit on a very clever plan by which you will be able to come and see me, without any one knowing anything about it, as often as you like. We—"

She interrupted him, the tiniest of frowns creasing her smooth forehead.

"You siliv old boy, whatever are you hoth."